

THE REPOSITORY, AND Ladies' Weekly Museum.

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[No. 1.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

CONFORMABLY to the arrangements made with Mr. S. Kelly, the former proprietor, by which the property of the *Philadelphia Repository* has been transferred to the present proprietors, and pursuant to their engagements with the publick, they now issue the first number of a new series of the Repository.

It would, perhaps, be impertinent, and trespassing upon the patience of the reader, to detail the utility of this paper, as its appearance will be the best criterion for judging of it, and to the impartial sentence of the publick the proprietors respectfully submit it.

The advantages of *well-conducted* periodical publications are too well known, and so generally acknowledged as to supercede the necessity of any further recommendation. A celebrated authour, speaking of works of this description, observes, with great truth, that they often gradually and imperceptibly inculcate a taste for knowledge, and, in some measure, gratify that taste, and steal some moments from the round of dissipation and pleasure. They relieve the minds of men of business, who cannot pass from severe labour to severe study, with elegant relaxation, and preserve the strenuous idleness of many from a worse employment.

The proprietors will not fetter themselves, nor abuse the patience their subscribers, with a multitude of *Promises*,* 'timid, lest time or chance, sickness, laziness, or stupidity, should step between stipulation and fulfillment.' But, altho' they decline making any *specious engagements*, they pledge themselves to avoid *controversies*, and will never suffer any thing to appear in the Repository which might disturb the harmony of the family fire-side, or wound the peace of Innocence; and their subscribers may rest assured, that

* This is an article of which most of the haberdashers in literature are extremely profuse, so much so, indeed, that they often go beyond their own ability and resources, and very seldom, if ever, perform more than one of their mighty promises, which is to distribute, once a week, a sheet of PAPER; enriched, indeed, with the sleazy productions of all the idlers, scribblers, moralists, and would-be critics of the day; who periodically worry both themselves and their unfortunate readers with Osage poetry, eulogies on French philosophers, and 'moral essays, in the manner of—the Spectator,' together with acrosticks, rebusses, and enigmas, without number. In the publication of such trash the sapient editor is, indeed, the happiest of mortals, and thinks no more of his mighty promises: his coadjutors, fired with ambition, dash through thick and thin, and 'grow still paler by the midnight lamp,' in their attempt to reach the temple of immortality, while the reader snores over their lucubrations, and dreams of disposing his files to a trunk maker.

every exertion will be made to give general satisfaction, and to render the Repository, *in future*, a useful, as well as an entertaining and pleasing miscellany, which

'Friends may flatter, prudent foes forbear,
Rivals scarce damn, and Zoilus reprieve.'

In compliance with the solicitations of many respectable persons, and convinced of its necessity, the publishers have undertaken to *new-model* the plan upon which the Repository has heretofore been conducted; that their *improvements* will receive the approbation of *all* is not expected, much less is it expected from that demure and sanctified class, who

—“So pure, and so precise,
“Immaculate as their *white of eyes*,
“Who for the Spirit hug the Spleen,
“Phylacter'd throughout all their mien,
“And doctrines, as *infectious*, fear,
“Which are not steep'd in *Vinegar*.”

Though they do not expect much kindness from the *precise*, the proprietors flatter themselves that their arrangements for the *future* management of the Repository, will not be objected to by that class of readers, who prefer amusement, blended with 'the useful, the beautiful and the true,' to the nauseous trash of the sentimental sniveller, the hair-brained philosopher, or the disgusting cant of the bigotted sectarian.

The Repository will be *regularly* published, and delivered to subscribers, every Saturday morning.

Δ The terms of subscription are, to subscribers residing in the city, 6½ cents each number, payable every four weeks, or 3 dollars a year to those who pay in advance. Subscribers who adopt the latter mode of payment, shall be entitled to have their volume elegantly half-bound, *gratis*.—Subscribers residing at a distance, either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible person, in this city, to become answerable for the money as it becomes due.

Literary communications and orders for this paper, must be addressed to the publishers (POST PAID,) otherwise they will not be attended to.

Subscriptions for this paper are received by the proprietors at the Circulating Library, No. 96 Chesnut-street; Mr. Kelley No. 76, N. Fourth-street, and by the principal booksellers.

* * * Such of the original subscribers to the Repository, who do not wish to have the paper continued, are requested to signify the same to the publisher.

Philadelphia, Dec. 1805.

THE REPOSITORY, AND LADIES' WEEKLY MUSEUM.
BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Life of George Frederick Handel, Esq.

George Frederick Handel was born at Hall, a city in the circle of Upper-Saxony, the 24th of February, 1684. His father, a physician and surgeon at that place, had married a second wife, and was more than sixty years of age when Handel was born; he had also one daughter by the same wife, and a son, by a former marriage, who resided at the Court of the Duke of Saxe-Weisenfels.

While he was yet under seven years of age, his father set out for the duke's court, to attend the duties of his profession, and Handel soon after followed him.

From his very childhood Handel had discovered such a strong propensity to musick, that his father, who always intended him for the study of the Civil Law, strictly forbade him to meddle with any musical instrument; nothing of that kind was suffered to remain in the house, nor was he permitted to go to any other, where such kind of furniture was in use. All this caution and art, instead of restraining, did but augment his passion; he had found means to get a little clavichord privately conveyed to a room at the top of the house; to this room he constantly stole when the family was asleep: he had made some progress before musick had been prohibited, and, by his assiduous practice at the hours of rest, had made such farther advances, which, though not attended to at that time, were no slight prognosticks of his future eminence.

When Handel's father returned with him to Hall, he placed him under one Zackaw, who was organist of the cathedral church, and had great abilities in his profession; though he was but seven years old, he was able to supply his place in his absence, and he made so great a progress by his instructions, that, at nine years old, he began to compose church services for voices and instruments, and continued to compose one such service every week, for three years successively.

Having far surpassed his master, it was determined that he should not continue at Hall. Accordingly in 1698, being in his 14th year, he was sent to Berlin, where he had a relation in some place about the court, upon whose care and kindness his parents could rely.—The opera was then in a flourishing condition, being encouraged by the grandfather of the late king of Prussia, and under the direction of many eminent persons, whom his liberality had drawn thither from Italy, among whom was Buononcini and Attilio. Buononcini was the best composer, and Attilio the best player; nor did they differ less in their dispositions than talents: Buononcini was vain and arrogant; Attilio modest and candid. Buononcini looked upon Handel with contempt, but Attilio treated him with kindness. Though a boy near fourteen years old may be thought rather too big to be taken into lap, yet we are told that Attilio held Handel upon his knee an hour together, before a harpsichord, and made him play upon it, admiring the proficiency of one so young; Buononcini himself, being at length compelled to acknowledge his excellence, shewed him some civilities, though they were performed in a manner that gave reason to suspect they were not the effect of kindness and good-will.—Handel improved much by the instructions of Attilio, and had not been long at Berlin before he was sent for by the king, who frequently made him presents, and at length proposed to send

him to Italy, under his own patronage, and to take him under his immediate protection, when his studies should be completed; but Handel's parents knew the king's disposition too well to think of submitting the fortune of their child to his caprice, and, therefore, declined the offer, notwithstanding its immediate advantages.—He then removed to Hamburg, where the first harpsichord was at that time played by Keyser, who also excelled in composition; but, being addicted to great expense, he contracted debts, which he was unable to pay, and was, therefore, obliged to abscond: upon this vacancy, after much dispute, in which all who supported or directed the opera, engaged with great vehemence, the succession was determined in favour of Handel. Shortly after he had succeeded Keyser, as conductor of the opera, he succeeded him also as composer, though he was not fifteen years old. The first opera he set was called *Almeria*, and the success of it was so great, that it was performed thirty nights successively; within less than a twelvemonth after this, he set two others, called *Florinda* and *Nerone*, which were received with the same applause.—He continued at Hamburg five years, and besides subsisting himself, and sending some little presents to his mother, he had, during that time, made up a purse of 200 ducats, with which he set out for Italy, having left behind him a considerable number of sonatas, which are now lost, or not known to be his. He went first to Florence, where he was received with great affability by the Prince of Tuscany, and had free access, at all times, to the palace of the Grand Duke. After staying about a year at Florence, he went to Venice, where he was first discovered at a masquerade, while he was playing on a harpsichord in his vizard, by Scarlatti, who is said to have cried out, 'that the person who played could be none but the Saxon or the devil;' but this is reported to have been said of many persons, whose abilities have discovered them in disguise, particularly of the great Erasmus.

From Venice he proceeded to Rome, where his arrival being immediately known, he received polite messages from persons of the first distinction, particularly from Cardinal Ottoboni, who kept a band of excellent performers in constant pay, in which the celebrated Corelli played the first violin; Handel, at the Cardinal's request, furnished him with a musical composition, the several parts of which were found very difficult to execute by these performers, who had been only used to Italian musick; Corelli himself, whose modesty and meekness were equal to his abilities, complained of this difficulty, and Handel, having one day given him several instructions to surmount it, and piqued at the tameness with which he still executed some spirited passages, he snatched the instrument out of his hand, and, to convince him how little he understood them, he played the passages himself. Corelli, who needed no such conviction of Handel's superiority, ingenuously declared that he knew not how to give them the strength and expression they required.

As a performer, Handel chiefly excelled on the harpsichord, and Domenico Scarlatti being then at Cardinal Ottoboni's, and considered as the greatest master of that instrument in Italy, the Cardinal contrived to have a trial of skill between him and Handel. The result is differently reported; some say that Handel was victorious, and others Scarlatti; but when they came to the organ, Scarlatti himself declared the superiority of his antagonist. It is much to the

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honour of both, that, though rivals, they were friends; for Handel used always to speak of Scarlatti in the highest terms; and Scarlatti, when he was admired for his great execution, would often mention Handel, and cross himself in token of veneration.

(*To be Continued.*)

MISCELLANY.

HENRY DE MONTMORENCY.....*A Tale.*

The sullen tolling of the Curfew was heard over the heath, and not a beam of light issued from the dreary villages; the murmuring cottager had extinguished his enlivening embers, and had shrunk in gloomy sadness to repose; when Henry de Montmorency, and his two attendants, rushed from the castle.

The night was wild and stormy, and the wind howled in a fearful manner. The moon flashed, as the clouds passed from before her, on the silver armour of Montmorency; whose large and sable plume of feathers streamed threatening in the blast. They hurried rapidly on; and, arriving at the edge of a declivity, descended into a deep glen; the savage appearance of which was sufficient to strike terror into the stoutest heart. It was narrow; and the rocks on each side, rising to a prodigious height, hung threatening over their head. Furiously, along the bottom of the valley—turbulent, and dashing against large fragments of the rock—ran a dark and swollen torrent; and, farther up the glen, down a precipice of near ninety feet, and roaring with tremendous strength, there fell, at a single stroke, an awful and immense cascade. From the clefts and chasms of the crag, abrupt and stern, the venerable oak threw his broad breadth of shade, and, bending his gigantick arm athwart the stream, shed, driven by the wind, a multitude of leaves; while from the summit of the rock was heard the clamour of the falling fragments, that, bounding from its rugged side, leaped with restless fury on the vale beneath.

Montmorency and his attendants, intrepid as they were, felt the inquietude of apprehension. They stood, for some time, in silent astonishment; but their ideas of danger, from the conflict of the elements, being at length alarming, they determined to proceed; when all instantly became dark, while the rushing of the storm, the roaring of the cascade, the shivering of the branches of the trees, and the dashing of the rock, assailed at once their sense of hearing. The moon, however, again darted from a cloud. They rode forward; and, following the course of the torrent, had advanced a considerable way, when the piercing shrieks of a person in distress, arrested their speed: and, listening attentively, heard shrill, melancholy cries, repeated at intervals up the glen, which, gradually becoming more distinct, grew faint, and died away. Montmorency, ever ready to relieve the oppressed, couched his lance; and, bidding his followers prepare, was hastening on: but again their progress was impeded by the harrowing and stupendous clash of falling armour, which, reverberating from the various cavities around, seemed here and there, and from every direction, to be echoed with double violence, as if a hundred men in armour had in succession fallen down, in different parts of the valley. Montmorency, having recovered from the consternation into which this singular noise had thrown him, undauntedly pursued his

course; and presently discerned, by the light of the moon, the gleaming of a coat of mail. He immediately made up to the spot, where he found, laid along, at the root of an aged oak, whose branches hung darkling over the torrent, a knight, wounded and bleeding. His armour was of burnished steel. By his side there lay a falchion, and a sable shield, embossed with studs of gold; and, dipping his casque into the stream, he was endeavouring to allay his thirst, but thro' weakness and from loss of blood, with difficulty he got it to his mouth. Being questioned as to his misfortunes, he shook his head, and, unable to speak, pointed with his hand down the glen. At the same moment, the shrieks which had formerly alarmed Montmorency, were repeated, apparently at no great distance. And now, every mark of horror was depicted on the pale and ghastly features of the dying knight; his black hair, dashed with gore, stood erect, and stretching forth his hand towards the sound, he seemed struggling for speech—his agony became excessive; and, groaning, he dropped dead on the earth.

The suddenness of this shocking event, the total ignorance of the cause, the uncouth scenery around, and the dismal wailings of distress, which still poused on the ear with aggravated strength, left room for imagination to unfold its most hideous ideas. Yet Montmorency, though astonished, lost not his fortitude and resolution, but determined to search for the place, whence these terrible screams seemed to issue; and, recommending his men to unsheath their swords, and maintain a strict guard, cautiously followed the windings of the glen, till, abruptly turning the corner of an out-jutting crag, they perceived two corpses mangled in a frightful manner, and the glimmering of light appeared thro' some trees that hung depending from a steep and dangerous part of the rock. Approaching a little nearer, the shrieks seemed evidently to proceed from that quarter; on which, tying their horses to the branches of an oak, they ascended slowly, and without any noise, towards the light. But what was their astonishment, when, by the pale glimpses of the moon, where the eye could penetrate through the intervening foliage, in a vast and yawning cavern, dimly lighted by a lamp, suspended from its roof, they beheld half a dozen gigantick figures in ponderous iron armour. Their vizors were up, and the lamp faintly gleaming on their features, displayed an unrelenting sternness, capable of the most ruthless deeds. One, who had the aspect and the garb of their leader—and who, waving his scymetar, seemed menacing the rest—held, on his arms, a massy shield, of immense circumference; and which, being streaked with recent blood, presented to the eye an object truly terrifiick. At the back of the cave, and fixed to a brazen ring, stood a female figure, and, as far as the obscurity of the light gave opportunity to judge, of a beautiful and elegant form. From her the shrieks proceeded. She was dressed in white, and struggling violently, and in a convulsive manner, appeared to have been driven almost to madness, from the conscious horror of her situation. Two of the banditti were in high dispute: fire flashed from their eyes, and their scymetars half unsheathed; and Montmorency, expecting that in the fury of their passion, they would cut each other to pieces, waited the event. But as the authority of their Captain soon checked the tumult, he rushed in with his followers, and hurling his lance—'Villains!' he exclaimed, 'receive the reward of cruelty.' The

lance bounded innocuous from the shield of the leader, who turning quickly on Montmorency, a severe engagement ensued. They smote with prodigious strength, and the valley resounded with the clangour of their steel. The faulchions, unable to sustain the shock, shivered into a thousand pieces; when Montmorency, instantly elevating with both hands his shield, dashed it with resistless force against the head of his antagonist—lifeless he dropped prone on the ground, and the crash of his armour bellowed through the hollow rock.

(To be Continued.)

Of what Complexion ought a person to be?

By Benjamin Thompson, jun. Esq. anthour of the STRANGER.

In my younger days I had a school-fellow, a good honest lad, who was very fond of reading Robinson Crusoe, and wished of all things in the world to live, like him, upon a desert island: when a little older, he could not be easy till he embarked for the West Indies. On the way he encountered a few storms, was obliged to eat rancid beef and drink nauseous water, by which he was forever cured of his Crusoe notions.

He thought it better, therefore, to earn his living in a cultivated island; became an overseer; at last, owner of a plantation; realized a small fortune, and returned to his native country. He brought with him a young female negro, whom he had taken under his protection, when left an orphan in the twelfth year of her age. In her thirteenth, he was pleased with her; in her fourteenth, he discovered she was handsome—in her fifteenth, he fell in love with her—in her sixteenth, he attempted her virtue—and, as the good creature had, by tears and entreaties, dissuaded him from his purpose, in her seventeenth he even wanted to marry her.

One morning he entered my chamber in evident agitation. Dear friend, said he, I am in love with a young girl, whom you know. I am pleased with her heart, sense, *person*; in short, with every thing but her complexion—for she is *black*. Now, in our whole family we never had a black face, except my old aunt's, who, in her youth, scorched it with gunpowder. To be sure, the girl is much more beautiful than my old aunt; but I don't know whether I should marry her. It is evident that negroes are *not* human beings like ourselves—God has not given them the same complexion; and you know, whenever we wish, by comparison, to express the difference of things precisely opposite, we say, they are as different as black and white.

He reasoned long on this point, and at last, without staying for my reply, he went to offer his hand to the negro. A few hours after his visit, the girl herself came to me.

Oh, sir, said she, I am in love, and don't know whether I should marry him whom I love or not.

How so? answered I, is he old or ugly, ignorant or ill-tempered?

No, she replied, he is *white*. Forgive me if I speak frankly; for you are white too. I think, if God had intended that the white people should really be men, it could not have cost him any more trouble to have laid the last hand upon them—to have stamped them with the seal of *perfection*; in a word, to have made them *black*. For, without this colour, man is surely only like a piece of outstretched

canvas, which requires the painter's art, before it can represent any thing.

The Monkey and the Maccaroni.

A Monkey looking out of the parlour window on a summer's day, perceived a Maccaroni at a great distance; the oddity of this *creature's* appearance so delighted master Pugg, that he waited for his approach with the utmost impatience. The beau had extended over his head an umbrella, to save his *pretty face* from the scorching rays of the sun; Pugg, as soon as his cousin came near the parlour window, jumped out, and seated himself on the top of the umbrella. This was such glorious sport for the mobility, that all the little boys and girls following the Maccaroni, cried out, 'O, the monkey, the monkey!' 'Where, where?' Don't you see that little beau, with an umbrella—'What, do you call me a monkey?' exclaimed the beau in a great passion, and threatening a neighbour a violent blow, raised over his head a *little bit* of cane, which monsieur Pugg thinking he meant to strike him with, snatched it out of his hand, and, after laying it on his *pretty face* with all possible force, jumped off the umbrella, and ran home amidst the loud huzzas of the populace.

Character of a Whimsical Man.

The whimsical man does nothing like any other person. His house is constructed according to a plan of his own, and resembles no house already built. The mode of the staircase, the width of the rooms, the form of the sashes, the size of the bed-chambers, are all uncommon and whimsical. His pictures are of an odd kind, and it is ten to one but he prefers drawings to paintings, the humorous to the grave, or *vice versa*. His furniture is whimsical. His chairs, plates, tables, and even knives and forks are of the old school, and he looks on the light and pleasant improvements of the moderns, as nonsensical innovations. His snuff-box is whimsical: and the snuff he takes is a mixture of his own. His watch is as large as a French roll, and has a dingy silver dial-plate. He winds it up exactly at the same minute every day, and would defer the business for a second, to oblige his whole family.

If he reads the papers, it is at a stated hour, and every soul belonging to his family, must be present, he begins with the title, and proceeds with the utmost regularity, till he comes to the printer's name at the end—and in the adjustment of his spectacles, there is a sort of whimsical process, which no man else could imitate. His reading has something whimsical in it; for he confines himself to a very few authors, whose works he happens to have in his house. And it is a hundred to one but he prefers Seneca to the Spectator, or Tom Jones to the writings of Bacon. Every body says he is a sensible man, but he has such droll ways of expressing himself.

If he be religious, it is all in his own way. If he goes to church, he occupies a particular pew, in a particular church; sings louder, and outdoes the clerk in the clearness and vociferation of AMEN. If asked to stay from church, he would not do it for the world; but has no objection to forget all that passed, as soon as you offer him another subject.

He is very charitable—but all after his own plan, and those who get a shilling from him one day, are not certain they may get a whipping from him the next. His wife knows all his whims, and makes herself as easy as possible;

but never fails to make strangers acquainted with them, that they may not unintentionally offend. If he have fine girls, daughters, the young men generally avoid them, as the father is *such a queer old dog, there is no speaking to him.*

If he give an entertainment, it is all in his own way. He drinks just three glasses to three favourite toasts, and would not drink another to save you from an untimely end; after which he falls sound asleep for an hour or two; during which there are many things which *may* awake him, but I know of nothing which dare take this liberty, except the *last trump*. In a word, in every thing he says or does, there is something whimsical: and he generally goes by the name of a queer dog—an odd fish—a comical fellow—old sly and dry—or a most extraordinary oddity.

The following lines, first published in 1647, have some intrinsick merit. But if they were, as the learned commentator suggests, the occasion of the *Il Penseroso* of Milton, as 'being the *plan*, which is there drawn out into larger dimensions,' they have a merit beyond their own, in the opinion of every lover of English poetry.

Hence, all you vain delights,

As short as are the nights

Wherein you spend your folly.

There's nought in this life sweet,

If man were wise to see't.

But only Melancholy;

Oh! sweetest Melancholy!

Welcome folded arms, and fixed eyes,

A sigh that, piercing, mortifies;

A look that's fastened to the ground;

A tongue chain'd up—without a sound.

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,

Places which pale Passion loves,

Moonlight walks, when all the fowls

Are warmly hous'd, save bats and owls,

A midnight bell—a parting groan—

These are the sounds we feed upon.

Then stretch our bones, in a still, gloomy valley:

Nothing's so dainty sweet, as lovely Melancholy.

AN ALLEGORY ON THE ACACIA TREE.

Ut Sylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos;

Prima cadunt; ita

Debemur morti nos, nostraque.

As I sat carelessly at my window, and threw my eyes upon a large Acacia, which grew before me, I conceived it might aptly represent a country divided into provinces, towns, and families. The larger branches might hold out the first; the smaller branches, connected with them, the second; and those combinations of collateral leaves, which specify the Acacia, might represent families composed of individuals. It was now late in the year, and the autumnal tint had taken possession of the greater part of the tree. As I sat looking at it, many of the yellow leaves, (which, having been produced earlier, decayed sooner) were continually dropping into the lap of their great mother. Here was an emblem of natural decay. The most obvious appearance of mortality.

As I continued looking, a gentle breeze rustled among the leaves; many fell, which, in a natural course, might have enjoyed life longer. Here malady was added to decay.

The blast increased; and every branch that presented itself bowed before it. A shower of leaves covered the ground. 'The cup of vengeance, said I, is poured out upon the people. Pestilence shakes the land. Nature sickens in the gale. They fall by multitudes. Whole families are cut off together.' Among the branches was one entirely withered; the leaves were shrivelled, yet still clinging to it. Here was an emblem of famine. The nutriment of life was stopped. Existence was just supported, but every form was emaciated and shrunk.

In the neighbourhood was a branch, not only shrivelled and withered, but, having been more exposed to winds, was stripped almost entirely of its leaves; here and there hung a solitary leaf, just enough to shew that the whole had lately been alive. 'Ah, said I, here is an emblem of depopulation; some violent cause hath laid waste the land; towns and villages, as well as families, are desolated; scarce ten are left to bemoan a thousand.' How does every thing around us bring its lesson to our minds! Nature is the great book of God; in every page is instruction to those who read. Mortality must claim its due. Death, in various shapes, hovers round us; and thus far went the heathen moralist. He had learned no other knowledge from these perishing forms of nature, but that men, like trees, are subject to death.

—Ita

Debemur morti nos, nostraque....

Better instructed Christian, learn thou, that God, who, with the blast of winter, shrivels the tree, and with the breezes of spring restores it, offers to thee an emblem for thy hope. His works are uniform; the truths which Nature teaches, as far as they go, are the works of revelation also. It is written in both these books, that the power which revives the tree, will revive thee also, like it, with increasing perfection.

And this, our life,

Find tongues in trees,

Books in the running brooks,

Sermons in stones—and good in every thing.

SHAKESPEARE'S 'As You Like It.'

OLLA PODRIDA.

"A thing of shreds and patches."—SHAKESPEARE.

Holiday, who translated Juvenal and Persius, neatly observed, that, in the former, the difficulty was to *chuse* a meaning, in the latter, to *find* one.

Rimsky Koraskof was elevated by fortune in a playful mood. This man, who had actually been a sergeant in the guards, was declared aid-de-camp-general to the empress of Russia, and was presented with the palace of Vassilt-chikof. While in the height of his favour, he began to conceive that a library was necessary in a palace. He accordingly applied to a bookseller, and on being asked for a catalogue of the authours he wanted, the quondam sargeant replied—'Oh, as for that matter, I am not difficult; only take care to place great books at bottom, and small at top, as you do for the empress.'

A sailor meeting a negro, who had a remarkable small pig under his arm, asked him the price of it. 'Half-a-guinea, massa,' was the answer. 'Half-a-guinea for a pig of that

size, you black scoundrel?' 'Ah, massa, replied the other, him be very *little*, but him be dam *old*.

Henry the fourth being one day importuned to peruse a book he had composed concerning the state, turned round to one of his courtiers, and said 'send for my chancellor to make me a suit of clothes, since my taylor intends to settle the affairs of the nation.'

He was favourite dog, said a gentleman to a friend, who was inquiring after him, but I was obliged to part with him. 'How so.' Sir, he took it into his head to *kill his own mutton*.

Strolling players—I have often diverted myself in country places with the *tragedies* of these *comedians*, and have laughed more hearty at Venice Preserved, Orphan, &c. than I ever did at Doctor Caius or Sir John Falstaff. Though many are the anecdotes related of itinerant performers, yet I will impart one that is truly original, to prove the ignorance of these strolling fellows.

In the third act of the Orphan, when Castalio is with the page, he says, dismissing the boy—

Here, take this, and leave me,
You knave, you little flatterer, get you gone.

The hero whom I saw burlesquing this character, not knowing what he was to give when he should say 'take this,' for the authour, though customary, has not signified it in a parenthesis, thus, (*giving him money*) poor Castalio was terribly posed to know what he should do; so when he came to the part, acting it in a violent rage, *take this*, he cried, giving the poor boy a box in the ear, which almost knocked him down, *begone and leave me*, and stamped so furiously that the very boards shook under him; being, however, disconcerted at the loud laugh of the audience, and knowing that they should not laugh at a tragedy, he was resolved to try another method the next night, for which reason he brought a *candle* on the stage, and gave it to the boy.

On reading a lampoon upon Mr. Partridge.

Perhaps, Mr. Partridge, it may not be true;
But sure 'tis no libel to make game of you.

The effects of a Spanish merchant, who was greatly in debt, being on sale, one bought a pillow, saying that it must be good to sleep on, since he could sleep on it, who owed so much.

Ralliers—This description of men are extremely mortified when their raillery meets with a retort. The profession requires vast wit and attention, and even with these is dangerous. A man of quality, who had a very tittle nose, was joking a soldier, whose nose was very large.—'My body! said the soldier, why are you so angry at my nose? Do you think it was made at the expense of *your's*?'

A moralist is generally deemed a Marplot. He only meddles to mortify. He is as unpleasant as Sancho Pança's physician.

People engaged in argument are seldom struck by the reasons of their opponents. Two disputants may be compared to the two engineers on board a ship; they *fire* with all their might on opposite sides, but never *hit* each other.

A story is in a constant state of change. Like water passing through a variety of strata, a story assumes something of a different flavour, according to the temper of every relator. Different ingredients are mixed as it passes thro'

every mouth, and the material of which it is originally composed, becomes at length imperceptible.

Passing through the street some days ago, I heard something new, to which I expect Mr. W— will not refuse a place in his dictionary—A *lady* observed to a friend, that her affairs were all HUGGER-MUGGER, being asked the reason, she got angry—I am not to be *inquisited*—do I ever be *inquisiting* you?

Lord William Poulet—though often chairman of committees of the House of Commons, was a great dunce. Being to read a bill for naturalizing *Jemima*, duchess of Kent, he called her *Jeremiah*, duchess of Kent. A pamphlet, called the 'Snake in the Grass,' being reported (probably in joke,) to be written by this Lord, a gentleman, abused in it sent him a challenge. He professed his innocence, but the gentleman would not be satisfied without a denial under his hand. Lord William took a pen, and began 'This is to scratify, that the buk called the Snak'—Oh, my Lord, said the person, I am satisfied; your Lordship has already convinced me that you did not write the book.

O, LADY FAIR!

A BALLAD—BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

First Voice.

Oh, Lady Fair, where art thou roaming?
The sun has sunk, the night is coming.

Second Voice.

Stranger, I go o'er moor and mountain,
To tell my beads at Agnes' fountain.

First Voice.

And who is the man, with his white locks flowing,
Ah, lady fair, where is he going?

Third Voice.

A wandering pilgrim, weak, I falter,
To tell my beads at Agnes' altar.
Chill falls the rain, night winds are blowing,
Dreary and dark's the way we're going!

First Voice.

Fair lady stay till morning blushes,
I'll strew for thee a bed of rushes.

Second Voice.

Oh, stranger, when my beads I'm counting,
I'll bless thy name at Agnes' fountain.

First Voice.

Thou pilgrim turn and rest thy sorrow,
Thou'lt go to Agnes' shrine to-morrow.

Third Voice.

Good stranger, when my beads I'm telling,
My saint shall bless thy leafy dwelling.
Strew then, oh strew our beds of rushes,
Here we shall rest, till morning blushes.

A convert—A Methodist bragging how well he had instructed some Indians in religion, called upon one of them, and, after some questions, asked him if he had not found great comfort last Sunday, after receiving the sacrament. 'Aye, master, replied the savage, but I wished it had been *brandy*.'

Some men talk sensibly, and act foolishly: some talk foolishly, and act sensibly. The first laugh at the last, and the last cheat the first.

Berhaave having directed by will that all his manuscripts and books should be burnt, except one with gilt leaves and silver clasps; it was purchased for ten thousand guilders, under an impression that it contained all his valuable receipts; but on examination it was found to contain only blank paper, except the first page, on which was written—'Keep the head cool, the feet warm, and the body open, and bid defiance to the physician.'

A Specimen of Evasion.

A waiter once at a tavern liv'd hard by,
Who ne'er was known to give direct reply.
A buck of some conceit a wager laid
He'd put a question, which he'd not evade.
Waiter, does Mr. — dine here to day?
'He din'd here, sir, I think, 'twas yesterday.'

Epigram upon the Bishop of Peterborough, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, giving W. C. who had a vote at Peterborough, a Singing Man's Place at Cambridge.

A singing man, and yet not sing;
Come, justify your patron's bounty,
Give us a song—Excuse me, sir,
My voice is in another county.

A Model—A lady meeting in the street a learned man of frightful ugliness, took him by the hand, and led him to a founder's shop, to whom she said, *just like this*, and departed. The gentleman, after he had recovered from his surprise, asked the founder, what was the meaning of this; who answered, that the lady had employed him to cast a figure of the devil, and he saying he had no model, she had brought him one.

SONG.

Life's a varied, bright illusion,
Joy and sorrow, light and shade;
Turn from sorrow's dark suffusion,
Catch the pleasures ere they fade.
Fancy paints with hues unreal,
Smiles of bliss, and sorrow's mood,
If they both are but ideal,
Why reject the seeming good!
Hence! no more! 'tis Wisdom calls ye,
Bids ye court Time's present aid;
The future trust no—hope enthrals ye,
Catch the pleasures ere they fade.

A methodist, who kept a shop, was heard to say to his shopman—'John, have you watered the rum?'—Yes. Have you sanded the brown sugar?—Yes. Have you passed the LIGHT guinea?—Yes. Have you wetted the tobacco?—Yes. Then come into prayers.

At the sale of the effects of a deceased clergyman, his Library was sold for three pounds, and the liquors in his cellar for 276*l*. The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.

FREEDOM.

Freedom's charms alike engage,
Blooming youth, and hoary age;
Time itself can ne'er destroy
Freedom's pure and lasting joy;
Love and Friendship never gave
Half their blessing to the slave.
None are happy but the free,
Bliss is born of Liberty.

The Irish definition of an *open countenance*, is not a bad one—'A mouth from ear to ear.'

An attorney asking a man what was honesty, 'Meddle with matters that concern you,' was the reply.

What is called sentimental writing, says Lord Orford, though it be understood to appeal solely to the heart, may be productive of a bad one. One would imagine that *Sterne* had been a man of a very tender heart—yet I know, from indubitable authority, that his mother, who kept a school, having run in debt, on account of an extravagant daughter, would have rotted in jail, if the parents of her scholars had not raised a subscription for her. Her son had too much sentiment to have any feeling. A dead ass was more important to him than a living mother.

Dr. Knox, speaking of the tribe of snivelling sentimentalists, says that a *Goat* is a personage as much *sensibility* as any of them.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Alfred's correspondence will be agreeable. We hope that he will write often.

Critical remarks on the 'HAMILTONIAD, an *epick* poem, by a young Gentleman of Philadelphia,' are under consideration.

In our next we shall commence the publication of an 'Essay in Vindication of the Stage,' which it is hoped will in some measure counteract the illiberal, sour and puritanical tenets of their worships and their reverences.

We cannot publish the essay signed 'A Moralist.' The Repository is not to be a vehicle for the dissemination of slander.

'A Subscriber,' who has sent us the first number of a series of essays, is respectfully informed, that it will be necessary for the Editor to receive the whole series, before they can be acted upon.

We hope that 'O' will resume his pen, and favour us often with his speculations.

D's hint shall be attended to.

'An Elegy on the death of a lady's lap-dog,' to use the authour's own language, is indeed 'a mournful tribute.'

'Which read and read, you raise your eyes in doubt,
And gravely wonder what it is about.'

The Editor cannot comply with M's request. The work to which our correspondent alludes would take up too much room, and prevent the insertion of more interesting matter.

The Remarks on the conduct of a city magistrate and of several citizens at the west end of the town, who solicited and obtained a pardon for Mrs. ———, ought certainly to be made publick, but this cannot be done thro' the medium of *this* paper.

The sentiments of 'A young Authour,' with respect to certain dashing writers, are perfectly to the Editor's taste, and shall have a place.

Q's joke, though good, might wound the feelings of the parents of a numerous family.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ANACREONTICK.

Delia dost thou not descry
 Passion sparkling in my eye;
 See'st thou not my throbbing breast
 With Love's delirious fire oppress?
 Haste, my love, abandon care,
 Let us to the grove repair;
 Or to yonder flowery dell,
 To the hermit's sylvan cell,
 There in his recluse retreat,
 Let us quench Love's fervent heat.
 Lo! I see the keen desire
 Sparkling in thy eye of fire;
 See thy panting bosom swell
 For the pleasures of the dell.
 Let us then with speed repair
 To the well-known spot, and there,
 In am'rous sport, and lover's play,
 Crown this festive holiday.
 Can'st thou recollect the hour,
 When, with Cupid's conqu'ring pow'r
 O'ercome, we sought the pleasant shade,
 The cooling grot, and fragrant glade;
 When with modest, downcast eye,
 With heaving breast, or swelling sigh,
 You first enjoy'd the genial joy
 Of Venus and her lovely boy?
 Well I know how my young heart
 Throbb'd obedient to the smart,
 When, in all your maiden charms,
 You sunk in my enraptured arms.
 'Twas at the silent hour of night,
 When Cynthia shone supremely bright,
 And nought disturb'd the still-serene,
 But Philomela's notes between;
 Gave pleasure to each note of love,
 And gave us raptures from above.
 When stealing o'er the silent plain,
 While Midnight held her soothing reign,
 With tresses loose, and swelling zone,
 You sought the forests shades alone,
 And, in the centre of the grove,
 Were taught the mystic rites of love.
 Blest moment! happiest of the year,
 Worthy of that celestial sphere,
 Whence, as the poet oft has sung,
 The godlike son of Venus sprung.
 Come then, my love, and haste away
 To crown with joy the closing day;
 Again upon the moss-grown seat,
 The reverend hermit's lov'd retreat,
 Amid embowring shades recline,
 Or jocund taste the balmy wine,
 While more celestial bliss, I sip
 Ambrosial nectar from thy lip.
 Youth now is thine, enjoy the hour
 While yet it is within thy power,
 And leave Reflection to engage
 Th' attention of declining Age.

Epigram on a lamp-lighter slipping off from his ladder
 with his lighted torch in his hand.

Though sorely bruise'd, you foolish elf,
 Why damn the ladder, curse yourself?
 Good fortune this you e'en may call,
 Since you have had so *light* a fall. [Lon. paper.]

On Mr. Day, a remarkable tall man, marrying a Miss
 Knight, who was rather short.

This *match* appears to me but right,
 Though *long* the day, yet *short* the night. [ib.]

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